



TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. LIBER TERTIUS.

Incipit Prohemium Tercii Libri.



BLISFUL LIGHT, OF WHICHE THE
bemes clere
Adorneth at the thridde hevne faire!
O sonnes leef, O Joves doughter dere,
Plesauce of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentil hertes ay redy to repaire!
O verray cause of hele and of gladnesse,

Yheried be thy might and thy goodnesse!

In hevne and helle, in erthe and salte see
Is felt thy might, if that I wel descerne;
As man, brid, best, fish, herbe and grene tree
Thee fele in tymes with vapour eterne,
God loveth, and to love wol nought wene;
And in this world no lyes creature,
Withouten love, is worth, or may endure.

Ye Joves first to thilke effectes glade,
Thorugh which that thinges liven alle and be,
Comeveden, and amorous him made
On mortal thing, and as yow list, ay ye
Yeve him in love ese or adversitee;
And in a thousand formes down him sente
for love in erthe, and whom yow liste, he
hente.

Ye fierse Mars apeysen of his ire,
And, as yow list, ye maken hertes digne;
Al gates, hem that ye wol sette afyre,
They dreden shame, and vices they resignen;
Ye do hem corteys be, fresshe and benigne,
And hye or lowe, after a wight entendeth;
The joyes that he hath, your might him
sendeth.



Incipit Liber Tercius.

At this mene whyle
Troilus,
Recordinge his lessoun
in this manere:
Ma fey! thought he,
thus wole I seye and
thus;
Thus wole I pleyne un-
to my lady dere;
That word is good, and
this shal be my chere;
This nil I not foryeten in no wyse.
God leve him werken as he gan devyse.

And Lord, so that his herte gan to quappe,
heringe hir come, and shorte for to syke!
And Pandarus, that ladde hir by the lappe,
Com ner, and gan in at the curtin pyke,
And seyde: God do bote on alle syke!
See, who is here yow comen to visyte;
Lo, here is she that is your deeth to wyte.

Therwith it semed as he wepte almost:
A ha, quod Troilus so rewfully,
Wher me be wo, O mighty God, thou wost!
Who is al there? I see nought trewely.
Sire, quod Criseyde, it is Pandare and I.

Ye holden regne and hous in unitee;
Ye soothfast cause of frendship been
also;
Ye knowe al thilke covered qualitee
Of thinges which that folk on wondren so,
Whan they can not construe how it may jo,
She loveth him, or why he loveth here;
As why this fish, and nought that, cometh
to were.

Ye folk a lawe han set in universe,
And this knowe I by hem that loves be,
That whoso stryveth with yow hath the
verse:

Now, lady bright, for thy benignitee,
At reverence of hem that serven thee,
Whos clerk I am, so techeth me devyse
Som joye of that is felt in thy servyse.

Ye in my naked herte sentement
Inhelde, and do me shewe of thy swetnesse.
Caliope, thy vois be now present,
for now is nede; sestow not my destresse,
how I mot telle anon right the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus herynge?
To which gladnes, who nede hath, God him
bringe!

Explicit prohemium Tercii Libri.